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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

HALE'S BLOW AT THE NAVY.

The Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, headed by that distinguished patriot, Senator Hale, of Spain, has put itself on exhibition by cutting in half the number of new ships authorized by the House.

The Secretary of the Navy, always an opponent of exaggerated armaments, and formerly president of the Massachusetts branch of the Peace Society, recommended the construction of fifteen vessels—three battle ships, three first class armored cruisers, three first class protected cruisers and six second class cruisers.

The House Naval Committee, whose chairman is the cantankerous Boutelle, of Maine, cut out the three first class protected cruisers, and with that mutilation the programme passed the House.

Now the Senate Naval Committee, under the leadership of Hale, has taken this reduced list of new ships and chopped out of it one battle ship, one armored cruiser and four second class cruisers.

The Secretary of the Navy said in his report recommending the construction of fifteen ships:

With the territorial acquisitions of the present year, if the Philippines are also annexed to the United States, its outlying possessions will be so great and so extended that this increase of force will be necessary.

The Maine triumvirate of obstructionists, Reed, Boutelle and Hale, are all opposed to our possession of the Philippines. Is it unjust to assume that they have deliberately set themselves to cripple the arm by which the Government will have to hold that acquisition? Boutelle and Reed cut 18,000 tons from the amount that the Secretary of the Navy declared would be necessary if we were to keep those islands, Hale has cut 35,500 tons from the amount they left. Perhaps when Senator Hoar and Aguinaldo have expressed their wishes, the rest may go too.

Here is the committee that has tried to scuttle the new navy. There are a few good men on it, but most of the names speak for themselves:

HALE,	McMillan,	Martin.
HANNA,	Chandler,	Butler,
PLATT (N. Y.),	Smith,	McEnery,
Perkins,	Tillman.	

Congress is willing to spend \$80,000,000 a year on the army, although a million men under arms would not hold the Philippines against any European power without a strong fleet, but it begrudges a few millions for a navy that would make us safe against any army in Europe if we did not have a regiment on land. It is on the sea that all our disputes with the old world must be settled, but sea power affords few jobs for the proteges of Senators. Is it that, or sympathy with Mr. Hale's Small American mania, that is responsible for the outbreak of the Senate Naval Committee?

YOU CAN'T FOOL THESE PEOPLE.

Admiral Schley's with "You can't catch me?" Or are they getting triumphant vindication is gratifying to the public at large, but not at all a surprise. One of the noteworthy features of this controversy has been the confidence of the people in the real hero of Santiago, unshaken even by one of the cleverest, ablest campaigns of detraction ever planned against any man. It may be taken for absolutely certain that the public was never deceived by any or all of the ingenious slanders, lying reports, press agents' yarns, sly insinuations, pretended investigations or semi-official statements set afloat about this matter, or by the full chorus of the Administration and corporation press, always banded together for evil. The public knew from the beginning, with a sure, faultless intuition, that a concerted effort was being made to deprive one man of the glory he had won and give it to another that had done nothing to deserve it, and discounted each fresh lie as fast as it came out.

There is a good lesson in this for the trust lawyers and trust newspapers that think they can win a bad cause by deceit. They may go on and pile up the lies as high as the Capitol dome, assail Miles, laud Alger, praise McKinley, distort facts, suppress dispatches and doctor reports—these things never deceive the strong common sense of the people. They have intuitive knowledge of liars and jugglers.

Admiral Schley's silence under the storm of slander raised for a purpose against him was not only dignified and worthy of a good man and patriot, but it was wise also. No man unjustly assailed need fear to rest his cause with the people, with whom the love of justice and the broad, unflinching, unswerving sense of it are the first characteristics.

THE GIRL BACHELOR'S OATH.

What would you think of the mental condition of a fellow creature who registered a vow to take an antidote every day in the year because Mr. Cornish had received a package of poison through the mail?

If the individual in question were a man you would wish him the greatest possible comfort a padded cell could afford. If a woman—and you were at all familiar with the labyrinthine mental processes of her sex—you would wonder what she was up to, and bide your time without waste of sympathy.

And so it happened that a sceptical world, that has had a bowing acquaintance with the fair sex for some time, winks its other eye at "The Bachelor Girls' Association of Michigan," which pledges its members with solemn oaths not to marry until they have attained the age of thirty.

It possible that these Dianus are only the game of "chase"—beloved of all—where new energy is in game by daring the



There is to be a mass meeting to-night at the Lenox Lyceum, Madison avenue, between Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets, to demand the taxation of franchises and protest against the Amsterdam avenue grab. Don't fail to go and let your voice help to maintain public rights.

AN ADVANCE IN LEXICOGRAPHY.

A defender of the greatest hero, in conference, of the Spanish war declares in a morning contemporary that "in a tropical climate, and at the very time of the year when it is most destructive to health and energy, General Shafter led a force of northern troops to complete victory after a campaign of only three weeks."

The Century Dictionary gives eleven definitions of the transitive verb "to lead," but none of them seems exactly to fit the manner in which General Shafter "led a force of northern troops" against Santiago. We suggest another:

12. To remain in a hammock at the rear and curse the weather.

The vapors which the District Attorney permitted Cornish to put forth under cover of a judicial inquiry go beyond anything ever known in a New York court. If Mr. Gardiner does not see that this abuse of the privilege of the witness stand is being used to bolster up the prospective case of a lawyer who has been prominent in suggesting questions and trying to blacken Mr. and Mrs. Molineux to save a private client from being cast in damages, then he does not understand the situation as well as the average observer.—New York Tribune Editorial, February 25.

We find that the said Katharine J. Adams came to her death on December 28, 1898, at No. 61 West Eighty-sixth street, by poisoning by mercuric cyanide administered by Harry S. Cornish, to whom said poison had been sent in a bottle of bromo-seltzer in the mail by Roland B. Molineux.—Verdict of the Coroner's Jury, February 27.

From a Soldier Who Ate the Beef.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Will one of the "common privates" be allowed to ask a few questions in regard to this beef investigation? Is this investigation to be the real thing or another farce? Why are not private soldiers permitted to testify? They had to eat the meat or, rather, made a horrible attempt to do so, and ought to be able to tell something about it. Of course, we did not mind a little thing like eating rotten meat, but eating it whistlers and all was a little difficult. It is generally supposed that soldiers in the ranks are the sum and an ignorant lot, and only officers have any brains. I know a few privates that can manage to read printing, and think they could give some pretty valuable testimony. We would not think of accusing a man in Alger's standing of anything so plebeian as robbery. In times of war it is called "confiscating." Is it not? Well, he "confiscated" nearly all the timber land in Michigan, and he had to keep his hand in; consequently the soldiers of the late unpleasantness went to sleep in their watery beds hungry day after day, but we would not think of insinuating that Alger profited by it. Somebody did—but who? All the soldiers will stand by General Miles, even though he did take a bathtub along to Cuba.

I was standing by our Surgeon-Major when our first supply of fresh (3) meat came. He said: "Good God! have they a corpse in that wagon?" We were supposed to eat it and kiss our hands to the benevolent givers. We might be able to "eat it" and learn to like it," but prefer not to have them killed a month before we eat it.

HARRY HELLER.
Late of Co. D, 8th O. V. I.
Orville, O., Feb. 28.

General King's Battle Picture.

[Des Moines (Iowa) News.]

Not every newspaper can afford to pay \$1,000 for the story of a battle. That is the amount the New York Journal paid as toll on the "able story" of General Charles King, who told of the battle at Manila. What the Journal paid General King is not in evidence, but the special cable cost \$1,000 a word, and there were one thousand words of it. General King is the "Captain King" of war story fame, and led his brigade gallantly, proving that he was as good as well as a title.

FEWER NEW WAR SHIPS. SENATE COMMITTEE EXPLAINS THE CASE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—The action of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs in cutting down the number of war ships provided for in the Naval Appropriation bill, passed by the House, is thus explained by members of the committee:

Senator McEnery, Louisiana—"I was not present when the committee made the reduction, but I agree with them on their action. The armored cruiser has not proved an effective type of vessel, and the bulk of the reduction has been made in eliminating this class from those to be constructed. It seems clear that the 2,500-ton vessels which were provided for, would have served no useful purpose. They would be no good as fighting machines, and are too large and costly for mere police duty."

Senator Martin, Virginia—"I am heartily in favor of the general idea of enlarging the navy and increasing its strength. I did not happen to be at the meeting of the committee at which the decision was reached to cut down the number of vessels proposed in the House bill, but if I had been there, I should have very heartily concurred in the action taken. In the race between armor and projectiles and explosives, the latter are in the lead, and the developments being made are so startling that I think we can well afford to wait a few months before authorizing the construction of a great number of vessels, in order to make progress with due caution."

There is a strong feeling in the committee that on account of the large number of ships we now have on the stocks, and because of the advance being made in the effective power of projectiles, six new ships were as many as we ought to authorize this year.

As for the protected cruisers, six of which were proposed by the House, the committee felt that their value was at least questionable. For myself, I think it is more than questionable.

Senator Perkins, California—"The change in the number of vessels was made because there is no shipbuilding concern in the country ready to lay down the keels of so many as were originally provided for. The committee is unanimous, I think, in favoring the construction of all the ships

necessary for the new navy, but with difficulties in the way of getting armor for the battle ships and armored cruisers starting us in the face, we came to the conclusion that to provide for three battle ships was going beyond all probability of getting them on the stocks or getting armor for them. We made the reduction in the protected cruiser class because it appears to be the general opinion of naval experts that this type has proven of little value in modern warfare."

Senator Butler, North Carolina—"We made the greatest reduction in the class that we felt could be spared best—the protected cruiser class. Admiral Dewey and other naval officers, in whose opinions we have entire confidence, report that such vessels as the Raleigh are comparatively useless. The war with Spain has proven of great value to us and other countries in demonstrating the value of certain types of ships. It has shown that battle ships like the Oregon and armored cruisers like the Brooklyn are our best vessels, and we intend to provide for the construction of a number of that type."

We have only restricted the number in this bill because of the inability of our shipbuilders to put down the keels. Contracts made for the construction of so many vessels would necessarily have been ineffective for that reason."

Senator Tillman, South Carolina—"We have provided for as many vessels in the bill as there is any possibility of completing or even getting started in a reasonable time. We cut down the number of armored cruisers because these vessels seemed useful only as scouts in time of war, and we believed that this service could be performed as well by the merchant marine converted into auxiliary cruisers. This was done during the last war with unimpaired satisfactory results. The system will save money to the Government."

Senator Smith, New Jersey—"The argument that induced the committee to make a reduction in the number of new ships proposed by the House was that there were now so many vessels on the stocks in the various yards that it would be impossible for the builders to handle a dozen more, and consequently, that it would be useless to authorize that number this year."

Senator Hanna, Ohio—"Why, the yards are all busy now. What's the use of appropriating money for more ships than can possibly be started during the coming year?"

YOU CAN'T CRITICIZE LUNATICS, BUT ALAN DALE LIKED THE SHOW.



The Two Lunatics.

MESSRS Mathews and Bulger, at the Herald Square Theatre, last night, discarded all criticism by casting themselves as lunatics in a lunatic asylum. Fine padded roles were assigned to their collection of buffoons and satirized, seriously pretty damsels. The consequence was that nobody expected anything more than hallucination in "By the Sad Sea Waves"—dubbed a "musical vaudeville comedy"—and there was no worrying after plot or chasing a Harry B. Smith "eyeglass" over a pulpy programme. Nothing happened but "sagittaries," of which there were plenty and all descriptions. And as the entire company worked like Trojans, and literally scoured by the sweat of their assiduous brows, "By the Sad Sea Waves" proved to be a diverting, rollicking sort of entertainment—just the sort of thing to see when you don't want to think of anything at all.

The Herald Square came down from its high horses with a vengeance. From "The Rev. Griffith Davenport" to "By the Sad Sea Waves" is an acrobatic leap that almost needs a net. But Mr. Herne was so sure of his success that probably to-day he thinks that he has, Messrs. Mathews and Bulger were not sane enough to indulge in any fatuous speeches. They let well enough alone.

The cast was a long one, probably because all the satirized ladies with thinking parts were carefully named. The eyes rested on a long list of Bessies and Esthers; and Lulus and Estelles. But the entertainers were few, as a matter of fact, and they were allowed to do what they liked. They were let loose, as it were. They simply roamed about the stage, and said irrelevant things irreverently making as much noise as possible. And whenever it was time for the curtain to come down, they grouped themselves together and sang at the top of their voices. The contagion of their insanity spread during the evening, and the house laughed in amusement.

But among these buffoons and buffoonesses there was one artist who "got there" by quiet methods that were simply convulsively funny. I refer to Miss Rose Melville. I am told that I saw her some years ago in "Little Christopher," but I doubt it, for I shouldn't have forgotten her. She appeared last night as Sis Hopkins, a patient in the sanitarium. Her droll air, rural imbecility, and make-up won the house, and Miss Melville joined the small select ranks of women who are not ashamed to be funny. In a farce-comedy this sort of work stands out from the rough and tumble atmosphere, and it is possible to see the difference between artistic fun and the humor that sits upon a tack. What a boon a funny woman! How delightful it is to encounter something feminine that has a soul below a coon song and "The Suwanee River!" All the satirized Bessies in "By the Sad Sea Waves" looked as though they would have given years of their lives to chirrup "Break the News to Mommer." But Miss Melville deigned to sacrifice her emotions on the shrine of the ludicrous, and the result was fascinating. I can't recall a heartier laugh than that I enjoyed with Miss Melville last night, and when I came back down into a guffaw my heart swells with gratitude and my vocabulary is at the artist's disposal. Miss Melville may get a play of her own one of these days, and if she can, and keep tight compresses around her head—very tight compresses—I'll give up my dollars any day to see her.

Messrs. Mathews and Bulger are chatty people, addicted to the badinage habit. They throw jest at each other, but are wise enough to avoid waiting to see if they strike. They seem to avoid the noisy tenor of their way. Bulger is probably more humorous than Mathews. Both are cleverish comedians, with stereotyped joke voices. Their wit is of the horsely order, and at times it falls rather heavily. But they are persevering gentlemen, and on the principle of the drop of water wearing out a stone, they finally lure you to laugh at them.

Here are a few specimens of the Mathews and Bulger persiflage with which "By the Sad Sea Waves" is encumbered:

"Do you know anything about music?" says one, "I know every bar in the neighborhood."

And again: "I have got an ear for music, and the other isn't bad."

This is coarser: "Shall I throw up my eyes?" asks the lady he is about to kiss.

"If you have swallowed them" is the retort, and the not too fastidious audience manages to titter.

These are a few instances. They are the plot of "By the Sad Sea Waves," which is not a problem play or one that the Rev. Griffith Davenport would talk about to any very alarming extent. The ladies, with the exception of Miss Melville, were all very serious and low-necked. The lower variety lady is in the neck of her bodice, the more serious are her spirits. Nellie Hawthorne, Josie De Wit and Lizzie Sanger, as a trio of graces, displayed some very long costumes and sang with all the voices they owned. Miss Julia Ralph, a contralto lady, felt that she had done her duty when she had contributed her "commanding presence."

The men were obsequious, but difficult to distinguish. Their talents all seemed to lie in one direction, and you were obliged to consult a most communicative programme to find out what they were supposed to be. You learned that Gustavus Mortimer was "fond of America and other things" and that Robert Vernon "had patience with his patients," which is, of course, a shriekingly funny line. William West had to remark, "It makes me so angry" every five minutes, and as soon as the audience had discovered this catch phrase they laughed at its repetition. A comedian who says "Boo!" persistently will in time hear laughter. This is a good thing to remember. But in farce-comedy I don't think that anybody has forgotten it.

Gilbert Gregory did a sort of Sam Bernard dialect, and W. H. Macart did something else, I can't remember what. But they all worked extremely hard, and labor in a case of this kind generally takes. "By the Sad Sea Waves" is not exactly what is called a Broadway attraction, but some Broadway attractions are so sick and sorry that Messrs. Mathews and Bulger needn't mind that. These "sad sea waves" are no relations to the "wild waves" that said things. You needn't be afraid of that. In fact, I don't know where they came in or why they were on the programme. The title is as good as any other, and this particular farce-comedy will not—like "Brown's in Town"—cast a "gloom upon the comedy." The lunatic asylum method is a happy one for this style of play. Nobody minds a little pictorial insanity when it is labelled.

ALAN DALE.

HOW MOLINEUX STUMBLERED BLINDLY INTO THE PIT DUG BY OSBORNE.

WHEN Roland B. Molineux, in the Coroner's Court, heard Heckman, the private mailbox man, say he was the man who, under the name of H. C. Barnes, had hired a letter box and received letters and packages he looked up sharply and full into the smiling face of Assistant District Attorney Osborne, and dimly there dawned on him the intelligence that there was something wrong. From that time on he was as dumb as a tinned trail. He did not realize at once that he had been deceived by his destruction, but he was uneasy, suspicious, abnormally alert.

The realization of the quarry that he was really the District Attorney's quarry and had walked into the snare prepared for him by the man-catchers was as dramatic a scene as was ever staged in a courtroom.

Molineux was conspicuously confident. He had had a smile for every question that struck near him, and the general air of a man-of-the-world exposed to a little temporary inconvenience. Relying on the respectability of his family and position, he could afford to treat these matters as petty annoyances. In his attitude he was confirmed by Osborne, the greatest actor that ever had a courtroom for a theatre. Osborne's deference to Molineux was perfect, as perfect as his sternness with Cornish. To Cornish he was familiar, jocular, sympathetic. To Cornish, distant, accusing, harsh, frigid. District Attorney Gardner's life-long intimacy with Molineux's father added to the illusion. It was natural that

Colonel Gardiner's assistant should treat General Molineux's son with deference. The flinching touches to the trap were put on by the criticisms with which Osborne was deluged. These were dealt out in good faith. We, who reported the proceedings of the Coroner's inquest, were stunned by the gross unfairness and partiality of Osborne, and clamored against it.

It is no wonder Molineux was deceived. He is a man of quick intelligence, and obviously considered himself so immeasurably above these plodding lawyers in skill of mind that the possibility of their duping him would have seemed absurd had the idea ever crossed his mind.

That was his feeling, and that was his position when the first of the handwriting experts went upon the witness stand with his hands full of the specimens of handwriting which he had cheerfully written to oblige the District Attorney—a mere formality to prevent invidious comparison—as all the other people mentioned in the case had complied with a similar request.

Those writings told Molineux the story. A single glance at Osborne that was returned with a glare of anger, almost triumph, made his guess a certainty, and in that moment Osborne had his reward, for the cringing and silent suffering under the hand he had had to go through.

Over Molineux's face stole a change. It is hard to define it. The man's reserve of wit and dignity saved him from a break down, but it could not hold the color in his cheeks. He is a good gambler, and he maintained his composure though every

eye in the courtroom—for the pit was in an instant plain to all—was focussed on him.

You can almost fancy you could see the dread knowledge sinking into him. There had been one fleeting instant of doubt, and then certainty. For the rest of the day he was a pinched, wan, drawn-faced man at bay. Everybody tried to read his thoughts as the plot that landed him a prisoner charged with murder was unfolded. Undoubtedly anger was uppermost, more intense even than fear of consequences. That he should have fallen into so simple a snare that he should have allowed himself to be coaxed by the lure of a few sweetened words as stupidly as ever a bear has been lured into a pit, must have been gall to him; and there was never a let up for him, for expert after expert held up what had been written and by those characters, cozened out of him, declared his was the hand that sent that package of poison to Cornish.

There was no longer the least pretence of deference or consideration. The law officers named him poisoner, and pervert, and behind him leered the astonished, delighted face of Cornish, whose place he had taken as the object of the law's vengeful fury, and who, duller of comprehension than the now prisoner, could scarce understand what had happened.

It was a wonderful day in court; a scene steeped in drama and sensation, a display of passions and character greater than is in the power of novelist to dream of playwright to produce.

CHARLES MICHELSON.

DISCREDITS MARCH LAMBS AND LIONS, DOES WEATHER PROPHET EMERY.

When March comes in like a lion he goes out like a lamb. HIS quotation a Journal man threw at Weather Prophet Emery yesterday, and asked him if it were so.

"The Government has been in the weather missionary business long enough to make such a question unexpected from a man who looks as if he had intelligence," said Mr. Emery with some asperity. "Yes, don't protest, you do look like a man of intelligence."

There was a chap here just now who wanted to know if I thought that a goose bone boiled in dry sand and then hung up between the prongs of a horseshoe would tell him about the rains, as well as our wet weather fogs. Now, he was a taxpayer and paid in "hairs of the eagle" and this

I couldn't be rude to him, but I felt like—well, you know that this office is on the twentieth floor, and I was tempted.

"Just as we are beginning to think that we're getting the public educated and on a scientific basis, along comes a chap who tells us that he allows the Government should abolish the weather service and keep a ground hog in its back yard, thus saving money all around."

These weather superstitions stick. It is like being struck in the eye by a personal friend to have a man like you, who has reported my best snow storm and cyclone prophecies, ask me a question about such things as lions and tigers coming in and eating lambs, or whether it was you said, for I have had to go through it.

make a point of forgetting all superstitions and

weather proverbs as being wholly unscientific.

"Now, supposing March came in like a monkey and waddled out like a goose, what of it? How could that affect the weather? Even if it tripped over the door mat and then fell on its nose, or if it were chased out by the janitor, that fact would have no weight as compared with the things our statistic machines tell us."

"Why, do you know that this Government has a graduated wadding that cost it \$30,000, and that there is \$25,000 worth of machinery in this very room? Why, we've got the prophecy business down so fine that if we prophesy a snow storm and it doesn't come we can tell positively how deep it would have been if it had come! And you talk about goose bones to me!"